My space suit story

Getting to the E.D.ENIGMA was fine. Boarding was fine. Nothing had seemed to go wrong the entire time. But all that changed when I was given my spacesuit. It was- apart from the state of my sister's room- the ugliest thing I have ever seen in my easy-going life. First of all, it was pink. It's so mean to stereotype colours like that. Pink for the girls and blue for the boys. Honestly, why can't they have given us all traditional white spacesuits like the staff!? Maybe it was to distinguish who was a passenger and who was a member of the star- crew. But still. To make matters worse, mum had chosen one size too big for me. I couldn't understand why the people who gave it to me wouldn't take it back and give me one size down. Even though it was for hygiene reasons, I still need my personal comfort. And trust me when I say this, my spacesuit is anything but comfortable. I was constantly tripping on the oversized foot sockets. They probably didn't have that long to design these suits, and make them as good-looking and comfortable as they would have liked. And think how many spacesuits they would have made! I can't really blame them for it. But I can say that the next 2 days of my life will definately not be in 5 star luxury...